

Lemurians Don't Disco!

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Summary: Disco fever has hit Weyard! Piers can't dance, and Felix gets drunk? You'll have to read to find out!

[FelixPiers] Second and last chapter up, 'The Groping Groove'

***Chapter 1*: Prologue**

^_^ Whee! The Prologue is up!

Piers: Great....

Ignore him; he is scared of what is to come! *Prods her little muse* Read the disclaimer...Or else.

Piers: *shudders* Talas does not own Disco, Dance, The Golden Sun, or -much to her disappointment- the characters from it. However she does own this story, so no touching!

Or I'll sick my tigers on you!

Piers: ...You have tigers?

They're on order from Ebay -which I also do not own- Now, on with the story!

Piers: *cough* Prologue! *cough*

Felix: All hail disco!

Saving Weyard by lighting the four beacons and battling countless monsters?

That was sooo two minutes ago. What's 'in' right now?

DISCO!

Yeah, you heard me, D-I-S-C-O, disco! Yes! The dance that never dies!!!

Don't deny it! You know you want to dance!

~~~~~

Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ah-ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive

~~~~~

Disco fever has hit -drum role please- dadadadum! Vale!
Yes! You heard it hear first! I see that look on your face, 'How did this happen?', am I right? Of coarse I am! ((Because as an Authoress, I am all knowing))

Lets start at the being, shall we?

After Vale was destroyed, and the Adepts returned. Everyone pitched in to help rebuild their town. And Garet -the strange person that he is- wandered off into the wreckage, only to emerge with the following: 5 disco balls, 3 disco lamps, 1 sound system and a huge collection of 70's (a.k.a. the age of disco) CDs! ((Batteries not included due to the fan fiction's 5-dollar budget))

"A gift from the Wise One!" He cried joyously, "May the power of disco never die!"

So, in addition to rebuilding Vale, they added -you guessed it- A Disco Tech!

And tomorrow is opening night and all our lovely adepts shall be here!

^_^ I also do not own the song 'Stayin' Alive'

Buwhahahaha! You like? R&R please!

***Chapter 2*: Disco is Dead**

Whee! ^_^ First chapter is up! (Note, there's only going to be two chapters -_-;) Thanks to everyone who reviewed!

Sunrunner: Yes! Feel sorry for him! Eheheh...

Lash the Wind Adept: Lash, my friend! ^_~ I only poke Ivan because I dislike 'im. *glares* Do *you* dislike Piers?

Kristi: ^_^ Thanks!

Anyways.... Piers, do the disclaimer!

Piers: -_-; Talas does not own the Golden Sun, or the characters, however, she does own the Vale Disco Tech....

And on with the story!

It was opening night at the Disco Tech in the newly rebuilt Vale. Everyone in town had come and they even had a few foreigners in from nearby towns such as Vault, Lunpa, and even a couple from Biblin.

Of coarse, two of our Adepts (Felix and Piers), weren't thrilled with the idea, and obviously, weren't too motivated to come, that is, until Jenna had her say in things.

The pair sat in the back booth in the Disco, drinking, Garret was off in some other booth pigging out, and the others were mingling about in the crowd, the dancing would start later.

"Tell me why we're here again." Said Piers irritably.

Felix sighed and took a long swig of his drink, "We're here because Jenna threatened to Serpent Flame us all week if we didn't."

"Oh... Right." He sighed, "I still don't want to be here."

"And I do? Come on, Piers. As long as we're here let's have a good time. I may not like disco that much, but it's fun."

"No way." He replied, shooting down the idea. There's absolutely *no way* he was going to dance, none what-so-ever. He took a sip of his beer, then paused, why did he have the feeling someone was watching him?

He looked out into the crowd only to see five, no wait... Six pairs of eyes glaring their way. "Um, Felix?" He asked hesitantly.

"Yeah, Piers?"

"Why is everyone staring at us?"

"Wha?" He glanced around, "Oh." He laughed, "Probably because we're the only ones old enough to drink." Glancing in the direction of his sister, Felix grinned and took a big gulp.

Jenna scowled before stomping off, ooh, he was in for it later.

"Felix, you're going to get drunk, drinking like that." Piers noted

He smirked, "And that's a bad thing? What about you? We had a pretty hard time with that waitress." He chuckled at that, the waitress that had come by earlier asked if they would like something to drink and had refused to give Piers anything to drink because she thought he looked too young

and Piers simply refused to tell her his age, so Felix ended up buying two and sneaking the second to Piers.

"I'm not telling anyone my age!" Huffed Piers, "Don't I look old enough to drink?!"

He laughed again, "You 'look' like you're younger than me (1)"

"So?!"

"So nothing. But if you don't look your age and refuse to tell anyone it..." He smiled, "People will just assume you are the age you look."

Piers sighed, "It's going to be a loooong night, isn't it?"

"Oh yeah." Felix replied instantly, taking a few sips of his beer before setting it on the table.

Hm, what *could* he do to make the night a little more interesting?

"Piers," Felix said after a pause, "What do you have against disco?"

"Nothing!" He replied quickly, crossing his arms and looking away, "I... Just don't like it, that's all."

The Valean smirked, "You can't dance."

"Not one bit."

"Thought so..." A grin slowly spread across his face. Piers was never going to forget tonight...

The dancing had started, and the Adepts were all (well, almost all) out on the floor, dancing. Isaac was doing the robot with Mia. Garret was moon walking towards the kitchen, Sheba was doing the Electric slide (2), Ivan was nearby doing that strange dance with the peace signs in front of his eyes, and Jenna was off doing the Hustle. And Kraden -however hard it was to believe- was attempting to break dance, and surprisingly enough, he wasn't that bad.

But, the most surprising of all Felix, was *dancing*.

'He must be drunk. He must be drunk.' Piers told himself, staring at Felix as he did one of the more commonly seen Disco dances (whatever it's called when you wave you're arm up and down... Think Elvis), sure, Felix said he wanted to have a good time as long as they were here, but this? Surely no.

"Felix, what **are** you doing?! " He hissed.

"Dancin'." Came the simple reply.

"Someone will see you!" He hissed again, irritated.

Felix stopped and blinked at him innocently, "So? Do you have a problem with other people looking at me?"

Piers blushed furiously, "What!? No! Wait, I mean yes! Er, I mean I don't mean- its just- GAH!" Piers fell back into the seat as he realized Felix was only an inch or two away from him, "Felix!"

"Well?" He asked impatiently, "Do you, or don't you?"

"NO!" He yelled loudly, so loudly in fact, several people turned to stare.

"God, Piers," Felix commented cheerfully, "You didn't have to yell."

Laughing, he stood straight and started dancing again, "Piers, dance with me!"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's childish!" He stuttered, "I'm, I'm, too old for this!"

Felix laughed, "No one's too old for disco, Piers! Take Kraden for example, he's dancing!"

They both turned to see Kraden as he tried to spin on his head, only to fall... Into a table leg... And have his foot catch the tablecloth.... And pull an entire set of dirty dishes down on the old man.

"Ouch." Muttered Felix, wincing, "He's gonna feel that tomorrow morning..."

"See?!" Wailed Piers, using Kraden as an excuse, "If I dance, THAT will happen to me!"

"Don't break dance then." Felix said with a shrug.

"I'm NOT dancing."

"*Come on*, Piers!" He chirped, "It's fun!"

"No." Refused the Water Adept flatly.

"Auw... Please?"

"NO."

This silenced him, but only for a second, "...Chicken."
Smirking, he flapped his arms like said bird, all the while making clucking sounds, and as if to emphasize his point, 'The Funky Chicken' started to blare from the sound system. Felix snickered, "Great timing, eh, (3) Piers?" Without waiting for a reply, he started to chant, "Piers is a chicken, Piers is a chicken, cluck, cluck, cluck!"

Piers fumed, "Am not."

To further irritate the Lemurian, he pecked him on the cheek.

"FELIX!" He wailed, turned red.

"Yes chicken?"

Piers cupped Felix's face in his hands, glaring knives at him, "Look at me."

"I am, chicken." He replied cheerfully.

"And call me Piers!"

"Okay, chicken-Piers."

He glared and, "Listen to me! Disco is DEAD, Felix!"

As soon as he said that, everything came to a halt, crickets could be heard chirping outside the window, and everyone turned to glare at the poor Lemurian.

"WHAT did you just say?!" Demanded Jenna, angrily.

1) If you pay close attention to what the characters say in the game, right after Lemuria, you'll see Sheba say, 'You and I look roughly the same age, but how old are you really?',

assuming 'roughly' means within a few years, I'm guessing Piers looks to be about 16.

2) I hope that's actually a dance...O_o;

3) As you can probably guess from that, I'm Canadian. But I do not live in an igloo like so many Americans seem to think!

Buwhahaha! ^_^ Cliffhanger! ...Sort of... Anyways, read and review! My tigers I ordered off Ebay have arrive so do it... Or else!

Piers torturing in the next chapter! Meaning, he must dance!

Piers: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Oh, before I forget, I want to apologize to anyone who read the prologue and didn't what yaoi, I'm sorry, it just turned out that way.

***Chapter 3*: The Groping Groove**

Whee! I finally finished this! I spent the entire afternoon writing, but I did it! Sorry fer taking so long. ; I like this chapter more then the others, eheheheh.... Ohy! FeFe! Read the disclaimer!

Felix (a.k.a. FeFe): Talas does not own the Golden Sun or it's characters. She can only manipulate us in her writing.

He glared and, "Listen to me! Disco is DEAD, Felix!"

As soon as the word left his mouth, everything came to a halt, crickets could be heard chirping outside the window, and everyone turned to glare at the poor Lemurian.

"WHAT did you just say?!" Demanded Jenna, angrily.

Piers gulped, and Felix stood there grinning at him like an idiot, this was all his fault... "N-nothing, Jenna dear. I was just, er, explaining to Felix here, that Disco will never die?" Never question an angry Jenna, let her made the decision for you.

Jenna studied him suspiciously, but seemed to believe him and the music started back up.

Piers sighed in relief, lying was better then facing Jenna any day. But, alas, he should not have relaxed so quickly, as Felix saw the opportunity to pull the Lemurian out of the booth and onto the dance floor. Just wonderful.

"Ack! Felix what are you doing?!"

"Getting you to dance."

"I *told* you Felix! I. Cant. Dance."

"I know, I'm going teach you."

"No!" He wailed turning bright red at the thought. Why did he have to tell him that he couldn't? And willingly too! Felix just pointed it out and he just had to agree, what was stopping him from lying? Him and his big mouth. Sighing miserably, he gave up and let Felix teach how to dance. Maybe he could get Jenna to teach him would to be more stubborn later... Then again, she probably wouldn't take him calling her stubborn very well.

"No Piers!" Felix whined, pouting cutely. "You're doing it wrong. Turn around and I'll show you." Obviously, he wasn't too patient because he spun him around by his shoulders himself. "See? You put this arm on your hip here..." Felix grabbed his hand from behind and held it where he wanted it, causing Piers to blush again. My, Felix was getting good at that, wasn't he? "And you move this arm up and down like this.." Felix was basically hugging the other from behind as he grabbed Piers' other wrist and moved it for him. "See? It's not that hard, now keep doing that." Letting go, Felix took a step back, studying him carefully from behind, well actually, unbeknownst to Piers, he was studying his butt.

"I feel stupid." Piers muttered.

"Well that because you have to do one more thing," Smirking, he put his hands on Piers hips, "You have to move your hips his like this." Smirk turning to grin, he rocked the Lemurian's hips from side to side.

Piers meeped and his golden eyes widened, and he turned the deepest shade of red imaginable.

"Aw, get over it Piers. It's not like I'm groping you or something."

If possible, he turned a deeper shade of red.

"I will if you want me to though." He continued, after all, people don't blush when they're disgusted, they blush when they are embarrassed, or maybe even *like* something...

"NO!" He wailed, jerking around to face Felix, flushing. Sadly, his yelling attracted a lot of eyes... Again. And again, his blush deepened.

Felix gave a mocking sigh, and clucked his tongue disapprovingly, "Really Piers, you should learn to not to shout. It'll get you in trouble some day."

In Piers opinion, it already had. "But you- you were going to- you said- I heard-"

Graciously, the brunette decided to put him out of his misery, "No Piers." He said, cutting him off and speaking as if he was addressing a five-year-old. "Do you honestly think I would do that?" Well actually, he would. "I said I would if you wanted me to," He raised an eyebrow suggestively, "Do you?"

"Well yes!" He yelled, then realized his second mistake of the evening, he did NOT just say that, "Wait! I meant no! No, no, no, no."

He sighed with mock sadness -was that all Felix was doing tonight? Mocking him? - And shook his head, "Shame. Of well, the offer's always there." He winked and Piers fumed.

"Felix!"

"Now, now Piers, remember what I said about yelling." He waved a finger warningly, "You're going to get yourself in trouble.."

"Oh really?" He folded his arms defiantly. "How?"

"Well.. You could attract my sister's attention, and we both know how that would turn out." Piers shuddered, "Or..." He smirked.

"Or what?" He asked, eyes narrowing. A drunken Felix smirking was not a good thing, definitely, not a good thing. Oddly enough, Piers didn't seem to realize how little drunk he was acting, silly Piers...

"Or I could grope you every time you yell."

"What?!" He shouted, then meeped and clamped his hands over his mouth.

"Tut, tut, Piers." He scolded, "I'll let that one go, but the next time..."

Piers sighed in relief, and went to sit back down, and wait, silently and rigidly for the night to be over. But luck was not with our lovely blue haired water adept as the Dj decided to put a *s/ow* song on, and Felix wasn't going to miss the opportunity to keep dancing with the man.

"Not. So. Fast. Piers." He said grinning and pulling him back by the shoulder. "I haven't taught you to dance to this kind of music yet."

"But-"

"No buts Piers. I'm teaching you to dance. Now step closer and put your arms around my neck."

He *tried* to seem like he was against it, but sadly, he obliged. After all, who knew what a drunk earth adept was capable of? Piers definitely did not want to find out. Maybe Jenna had learned how to be so 'stubborn' from Felix. He shivered, scary thought.

"Now normally a girl does what your doing-"

"But I'm not a girl! I should be learning the male part, it's not like I'm going to be dancing with guys-"

Felix cut off his protests, and if he had anything to do with it, there'd be only one person Piers would be dancing with, "Doesn't matter, I'm taller so I get to play the guy," He paused and then threatened, "Don't make me grope you."

Piers meeped and shut up.

"Good, now I put my hands here.."

Piers reddened again when he realized Felix's hands were back on his hips.

"And then we moved like thi- Piers stop stiffening, and you're supposed to rest your head on my shoulder like this, here." Sighing, Felix pushed Piers head into the right position and started moving him. "See? This isn't so bad."

Piers hated to admit it, but the other was right, he liked being so close to Felix, it was... Relaxing, and thing music wasn't so bad... Hmm... Maybe he could tell him? He was drunk after all, it wasn't like he'd remember in the morning... "Felix?" He said after a while.

"Yeah?"

"I really like you."

"Well that's good to know."

Piers lifted his head, "No, I mean, I.. love you." He rest his head on the other's shoulder again and sighed, "Thank god your drunk..."

Smirking, he whispered, "I'm not drunk."

Eyes widened, "WHAT?!"

Instantly Felix's hand groped his arse. "I told you not to shout..."

Eheheheh... Ain't that a great ending? You never end with a grope, it's always a kiss. I like the change personally... Anyway, R&R! And no, the doesn't mean rest and relax. Hm, maybe I should just use R since you've already read it..